Brothers to go ſeeke elſe-where, but in your madneſſe
You bury brother-hood.
Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you playde the broker ſo ill for your ſelfe,
That ye ſhall giue me leaue to make my choiſe
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full reſolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.
Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you muſt confeſſe, before it pleaſd his highneſſe
To aduance my ſtate to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obey, nay ſhall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, here is the Meſſenger return'd from France.

Enter Meſſenger.

Ed. Now ſirra, what letters? Or what newes?
Meſ. No Letters my Lord,
And ſuch Newes, as without your highneſſe pardon,
I dare not relate.
Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canſt) tell me,
What ſaide Lewis to our Letters?
Meſ. At my departure theſe were his very wordes.
Go tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſayde Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?
Meſ. Tell him, quoth ſhe, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his ſake.
Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed ſhe could ſay little leſſe. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene,